

A N

(D
From P. 361
2

E P I S T L E

F R O M

JOHN MORE,

A POTHECARY of *Abchurch-Lane,*

T O

L - - - C - - - - - ,

Upon his

Treatise of WORMS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. WEBB, near St. Paul's.

[Price Six-pence.]

A N
 E P I S T L E
 T O
 L--- C-----, &c.

I.

THE Learned hold, that Worms in time
 Take Wing, and buz and fly,
 And after having pass'd their Prime,
 Return to Worms and die.

II.

Such, *C---*, are thy Projects all,
 The Maggots of thy Brain ;
 They buz and bluster round the Ball,
 Then turn to Worms again.

III.

What are thy num'rous Hosts become,
 Thy *Hessian* and thy *Dane*?
 Thy Heroes of the Land of Mum,
 A cheap, but useless Train.

IV.

Thy *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Swiss*, combin'd
 With *Swabia* and *Francony*,
 'Gainst *France*, in League apparent join'd;
 'Tis true, against our Money.

V.

Thy Crowds by their own Int'rest led,
 Without one Penny Sterling,
 Thy ready *Russia*'s certain Aid,
 'Thy likely one from *Berlin*.

VI.

VI.

Princes, or *Child*, it matters not,
 Espouse thy Plans and own 'em ;
 They'll all concur, whether we plot
 To raise or to dethrone 'em.

VII.

Say, where does all this Tempest tend ?
 Thy Battles, Sieges, Storms,
 Do they at last in Treaties end ?
 In Treaties too of Worms.

VIII.

Thy 'Treaties o'er and o'er again,
 I read by Rush-light Beam,
 And find a visionary, vain,
 Impracticable Scheme.

IX.

IX.

Compos'd of such Ingredients, sure
 Thy Powder must be bad :
 Should the World take it for a Cure,
 It is, or will be mad.

X.

The first Foundations of our Trade,
 Thou hast mistaken quite ;
 And think'st that Genius warms thy Head,
 When only Maggots bite.

XI.

Alike I own our Powder kills,
 Alike it gives no Quarter ;
 Fatal to Men when made in Pills,
 To Cities in a Mortar.

XII.

XII.

But to a Hut thou fly'st for Fear,
 While I dare face my Slain ;
 Shall puffing *C* - - - then compare
 With *More of Abchurch-Lane* ?

XIII.

Since only my *Worm Treatise* still,
 And Powder made from ^{thence},
 Is prais'd and own'd by Men of Skill,
 And took by Men of Sense :

XIV.

Since That alone such Cures perform'd,
 And Thine is but a Farce :
 Take Mine, to purge thee of thy Worms ;
 Keep Thine, and wipe thy A -- se.



